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Judge

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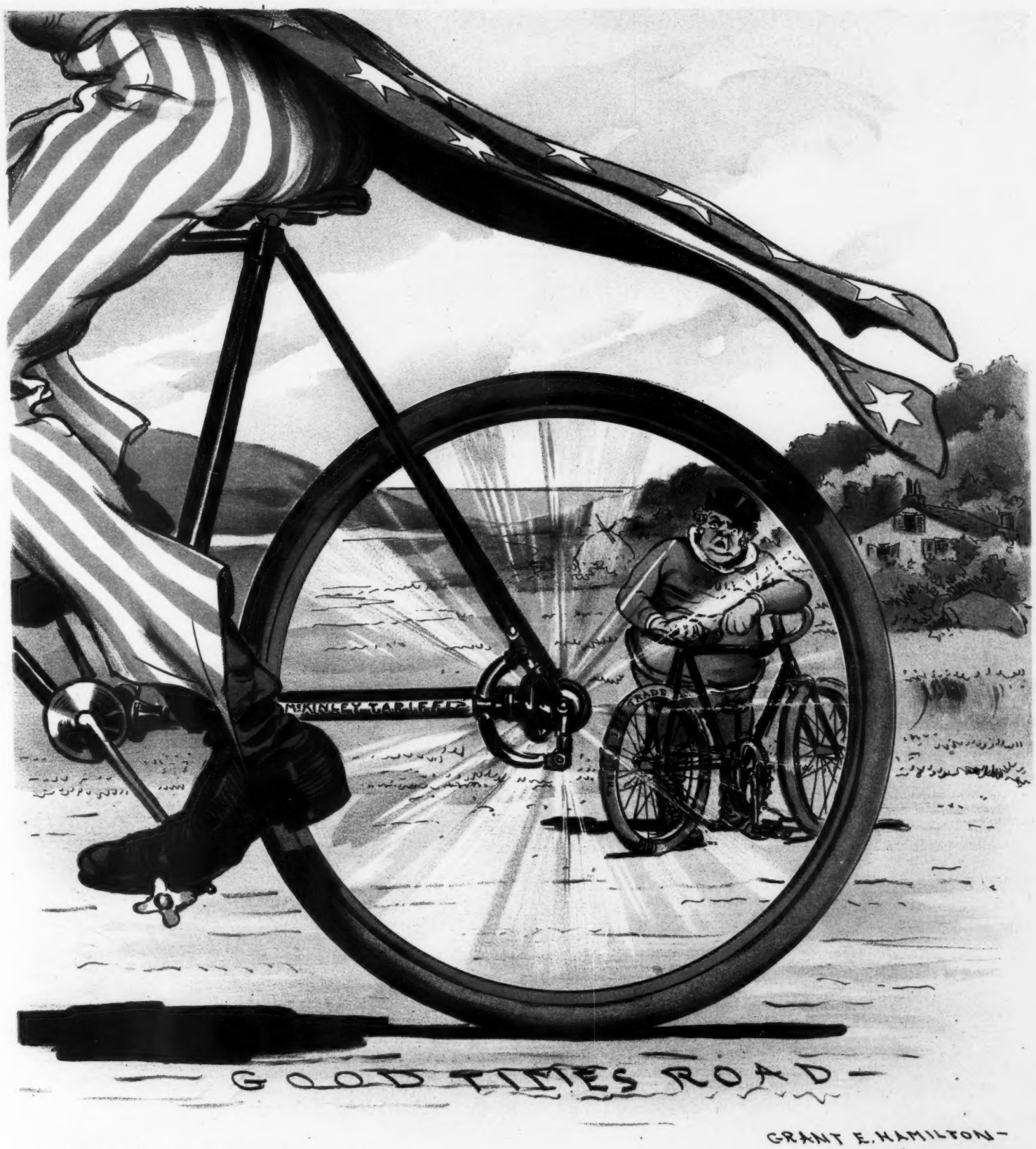

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CAN'T BE BEAT.
Uncle Sam's chainless wheel for 1898.

Judge

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THE TIP TERROR cannot be put down, because everything comes to him who waits.

* * *

SETH LOW has long believed that office has been seeking him with an anxiety that amounts to severe pain.

* * *

A STUDENT in a Texas university has gone crazy with the fancy that he is a great populist, so we guess he is.

* * *

IT STRIKES US as mighty good in the Troy *Press* to explain that the g. o. p. initials do not apply to the grand old Platt.

* * *

THERE IS a paper in this town that proposes to hook a few kings and queens and bring them here for public exhibition.

* * *

THERE ARE TWO remarkable statements. One is that heat is warm, and the other that the New York *Sun* is a Republican paper.

* * *

THE RECALL of Weyler is the greatest victory the insurgent Cubans have won; and when his successor goes the Spanish army will go with him.

* * *

DR. SWALLOW of Harrisburg was the prohibition candidate for state treasurer of Pennsylvania; but we must remember that one swallow does not make a bummer.

* * *

WHEN HENRY GEORGE, following Mr. Bryan in the declaration, says he too is a Jeffersonian the spirit of the departed Thomas must writhe with agony and indignation.

* * *

WHILE MR. LANGTRY dies of insanity Mrs. Langtry wins two hundred thousand dollars with a racing-horse. Somebody has said something regarding the pace that kills, we believe.

* * *

"THERE IS NO foreign famine in wool," says the South Bend *Tribune*, "yet the price of wool has advanced about sixty per cent. in one short year." Oh, yes; but, as Mr. Bryan says, this has been a wet summer.

* * *

CHARACTERISTIC MODESTY induced a St. Louis man to order banjo music at his funeral. If he had lived in Chicago he would have ordered the services of a brass band and the trumpeting of a few elephants.

* * *

BLACK MEN never have yellow fever, and somebody in Georgia proposes to inoculate white men with the blood of blacks as a preventive of that disease. The shock that has ensued is worse than that ever produced by the epidemic.

TAKING THINGS EASY.

REPORTER—"Anybody injured in the practice-game to-day?"
FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN—"No; the boys went real easy to-day. They are saving themselves up for the championship game to-morrow. Robinson got his nose broken, Smith lost an ear, Dobson got a few teeth kicked out, Jacock dislocated his jaw and broke a few fingers, but nobody got what you could really call hurt."

SOME GOOD IN THE YELLOW.

HONOR to the newspaper that hooked the girl Cisneros from Weyler; and should a war with Spain come of it we have no doubt the generous man who owns the concern will pay all the expenses on our side. There is too much froth to the beer this journalist sells; but his enterprise is magnificent and his generosity, whatever its motive, has given joy to many a suffering heart.

A NEW AUTUMN GAME.

IT IS A FACT that a German lover made a bet that he could kiss his sweetheart ten thousand times in ten hours, that he kissed her nearly four thousand times in three hours, and that then his lips became paralyzed and he lost the bet. Foolish extravagance like this ought to be severely rebuked; and yet it is likewise a fact that the girl was in prime condition at the close of the contest and felt hurt when the referee called off the match.

A POSSIBLE SITUATION.

IT IS NOT unreasonable to suppose that, as alleged, Spain would give up Cuba were it not for the danger of a consequent revolution at home. It is a choice, in other words, between the killing of Cubans and the killing of Spaniards, and everybody in these cases prefers the sacrifice of the enemy. A slight war with the United States would perhaps pacify the Spaniards at home and open the way to Cuban independence without excessive humiliation of the Spanish government.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

JUDGE PRYOR of this town decides that there is such a thing as verbal outrage, and that it need not necessarily be attended with physical force, and accordingly grants a woman's petition for a separation from her too verbal husband. With this precedent established there are likely to be petitions from the other half of the domestic establishment, for the ability for abusive verbosity is more largely developed on the part of the weaker than the other sex.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE ZUNIS.

THE ZUNI INDIANS have concluded not to torture witches hereafter. Here is reform in an unexpected quarter, and it is the more surprising because Spain sticks to torture in Spain, Cuba and the Philippines, while the sultan both tortures and assassinates. Presently, with the progress of the Zuni Indians before them, the Christian governments of Europe may pluck up courage and conscientiousness sufficiently to protect the men and women who belong to their own church.

HE NEVER WILL BE MISSED.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY is reminded by the Atlanta *Constitution* that he isn't as big a man as he thinks he is, and that his absence in Europe, the better to sulk and pout, is a matter of no consequence to the Democratic party. "The party got along without him last year," says the *Constitution* in a final burst of scorn, "and they will be able to get along without him for many years to come." Undoubtedly; but what kind of a "get along" was it last year, anyhow? Something to brag of, was it?

CHURCH AND STATE.

God Almighty requires you to unite in your temple work and unite in your politics. You should unite to elect your city council and also all your state officials. You must put aside your Democracy and Republicanism and as latter-day saints unite.

SO SAID Wilford Woodruff, president of a recent conference of Mormons at Salt Lake City. The Mormons have a large majority over the Gentiles, and the church will doubtless rule in the local politics and that of the state. It is a good thing that federal law has drawn a line over which polygamy must not pass; but the church, working secretly, is half as bad as it used to be, while its impudence is greater than ever before.

AN UP-TO-DATE TWIST.

SHE—"What is love?"
HE—"Two saddles with but a single frame; two sprockets that turn as one."

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.

I TOOK some heroines of romance
From Ouida, James and Hope
To view with scientific glance
Through my fluoroscope.

I thought their flimsy charms would fade,
Their character appear,
And show in each symbolic maid
The author's meaning clear.

But mad anachronisms lurk
In the romantic cult,
And when the rays performed their work
This was the dire result:

Nothing was left of each fair girl
Except some diamond tears,
Two rows of teeth of shining pearl,
A pair of shell-like ears.

The marble brow without a speck,
The ivory arms were there;
A perfect alabaster neck
And long, gold (plaited) hair.

The sapphire eyes were fringed with jet,
The lips of ruby shone;
And, hidden in each gay coquette,
A heart of flint or stone.

The truth at last I can but see,
And science seems to teach—
The heroine of romance must be
Only a form of speech.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

GOVERNESS—"There, Clarence, look at the poor little boy—he has no stockings. How thankful you should feel that you are rich!"

"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE."

SHE'S beautiful—that's good to know,
She's good—that's beautiful to see;
She is so good, while I'm not so,
She's "too good to be true" to me.

OUR COUNTRY FRIEND SURPRISED.

THE man with the hay-seeds in his hair gazed open-mouthed at the sign "Young men's Christian association," in One hundred and twenty-fifth street, one day last week. Then he approached the man who had stopped to see what he was staring at.

"Stranger," he said, "what be that house?"

"Der young men's Christian association," replied the other with an unmistakably Israelitish shrug.

"Ye don't say," rejoined the farmer. "Wa-al, now, do ye know, I jest come from Eighth avenue, an' I hain't seen a Christian all the way."

WHERE IT TOOK EFFECT.

WEARY WILLIE—"Did dat foreign nobleman dat committed suicide shoot himself troo de head?"
DUSTY DOORMATT—"It don't say—simply says he committed suicide by shooting himself in his bath-tub."
WEARY WILLIE—"Well, dat means in his stummick, in course. Foolish, foolish fellow!"

Photo. by Sarony.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MAUDE ADAMS AS "LADY BABBIE," IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

Oh, your music is sweet, Lady Babbie,
And the voice of Maude Adams rings through.
Be the witchery Maudie's, or Babbie's,
Still its hauntings are tender and true.
Tell us, Maude—do you play Lady Babbie,
Or does Lady Babbie play you?

WHEN RELIEF CAME TO THE MURPHYS.

Related by Mr. McGarvey.

TH' WAY t' till a sacret 's t' kape it.

'Twor hard toimes, an' Murphy wor out av work. He'd come home in th' avenin' wid his timper hangin' in shrids an' his lower jaw ristin' in th' pit av his nick, an' he'd put his two hands on the floor in th' corner an' sit down betwane 'em on th' little soap-box Mamie 'd dicorated. An' thin Mamie wid her smoile would hustle about an' get out th' brid—for th' mait had long since been spoiled by atin'—an' she'd sing a song av happy days, an' little Dinnis would crow loike a staim-ingine, an' they'd kape it up till Murphy's jaw would go back t' its pesition an' th' hope would be showin' in his oyes agin. An' they'd r'mimber whoile they forgot.

Arrah, 'tis a foine felly is Moike Murphy—but 'tis a foiner one is Mamie. Shure, they niver got hungry, aven whin they wor all but shtarved, an' thot Dinnis he'd smack thim lips an' gurgle loike a suckin' dove whin he'd be fid milk thot wor two-thirds water.

One mornin' Mamie she says t' Moike, says she, "'Tis th' great mail we'll hov this noight, Moike."

"Yez be foolin' me, darlint," says Moike.

"Oi'm not," says she, "but Oi'm not so shure—niver moind," says she; "wait till yez come home."

An' Moike wint out an' worked all day doin' nothin', an' whin he come home his chin wor down agin an' his oyes wor spittin' water.

Thin he almost fill in a fit, for on th' table wor mait an' brid an' a big schooner av milk an' a hunk av cake an' a miss av pickles.

"Where did yez get it?" says he.

"Mrs. Smith brought it in," says she.

"Th' super's woife?" says he.

"Th' same," says she.

Thin a frown come on Moike's face.

"Charity," says he wid his lower jaw up.

"Yis," says she, "an' 'tis all for yez, Moike darlint, for Oi'm not hungerin'."

An' Moike looked at her an' took a long brith t' kape from cavin' in, an' says he, "'Tis s' full Oi am Oi couldn't ate a mouthful."

Thin Mamie towld him av th' visit she'd had th' day b'fore from Mrs. Smith.

"She towld me," says she, "thot ivery fam ly on th' hill wor complainin' but us, an' many av thim had no raison for it, an' thot's how she come t' come t' us. An' whin she said she'd sind some food Oi thought av Dinnis an' yez, an' didn't r'fuse."

"What's this in th' turrane?" says Moike.

"Oi didn't open it," says Mamie, "for Oi thought we'd open it t'gither."

"Oh, moy! oh, moy!" says Moike, "an' yez be a woman too!"

He looked about koind av doubtful loike an' wor soilent.

"Yis," says he after a bit, "yez must be a woman, for there's Dinnis."

Thin he lifted th' cover from th' turrane.

"A litter!" says he.

An' bejakers, 'twor a litter from Smith tillin' Moike t' come t' work th' nixt mornin'; an' Dinnis, th' kid, wor th' only one thot wor not floodin' th' floor wid tears th' nixt minute.

"'Twor Mrs. Smith as done it," says Moike. "Shure, Smith 's th' luckiest felly in th' world barrin' mesilf."

An' thin there wor a sound loike th' poppin' av a cork, an' Dinnis troied t' put th' cat in his mouth, an' th' happiness floatin' in th' room wor thot thick a bloind man could see it.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

A YANKEE TRICK.

ELI—"Th' grocers put all thar leetle apples at th' bottom o' th' bar'l, pap."

FATHER—"Wa-al, we don't; we put our leetle apples in th' middle, an' big apples on both eends."

ELI—"Good idee, pap; that leaves yew safe no matter which end o' th' bar'l they open up."

I. THE REASON WHY HE SHAVED.

Mrs. Robbenheim presents Mr. Robbenheim with a very beautiful and expensive diamond-stud on his birthday."

II. THE REASON WHY HE SHAVED.

How Robbenheim looked the day after his birthday.

THEY DIDN'T COUNT.

"I see Tammany 's invited over all those bogus counts that you read about."

"What for?'

"To use 'em at the polls."

THE WOOER'S WAIL.

THERE is a fiend upon the earth
Whom I would surely smother
If 'twere not for his sister's worth
And dear old sainted mother.
He should have died before his birth—
My sweetheart's little brother.

THE THOUGHTFUL DOMINIE.

"YOU know how absent-minded our new parson is?"

"Uh-huh! I remember his taking the bite out of the candle and setting the apple down on the table. Never will forget it."

"Well, he went into the barber-shop this afternoon to have his hair cut."

"Lord a' massy! you don't say so?"

"Uh-huh! Mighty fond of that hair o' his. When John the barber got all done he gave him the hand-glass. 'All ri' like that?' he says. Parson looks at it a minute, then sets himself back in the chair. 'No, not quite,' he says; 'not quite so short, please.' "

A FAITHFUL EXPONENT.

"CLARA is a hard girl to please. She never gets a new dress without sitting down and virtually making it over."

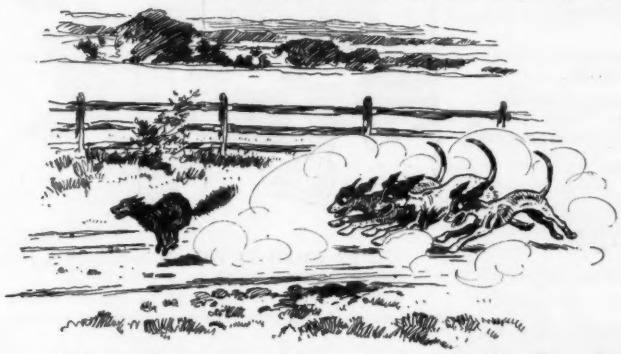
"Yes; Clara is a faithful exponent of that good old saying, 'As ye sew, so shall ye rip.' "

IN NEW YORK.

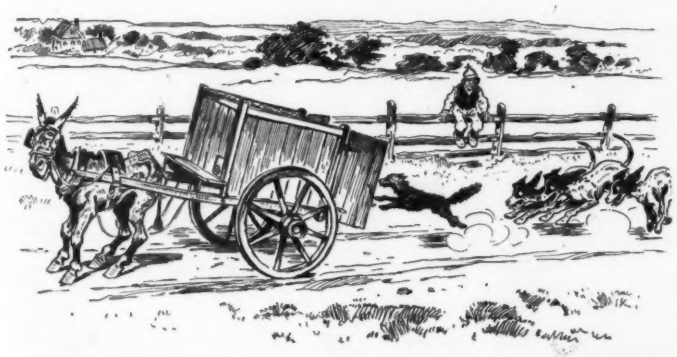
AUNT PEGGY—"Mercy, Jason! what does that firin' mean—war?"
UNCLE JASON—"No; but we'd better be gittin'. I see by th' breastworks thet's been thrown up thet they're hevin' one o' them sham battles we've heerd tell on, b'gosh!"

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

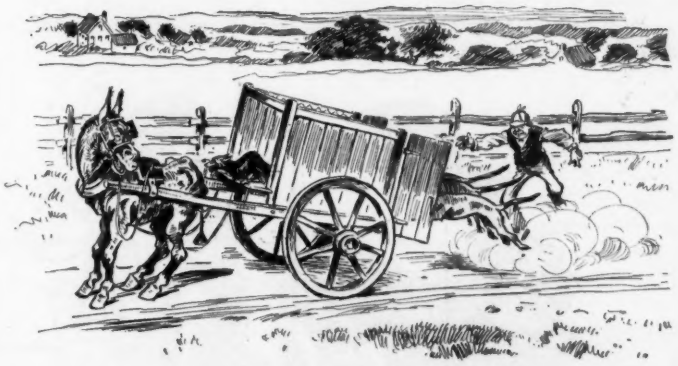
"IT RAINS cats and dogs!" exclaimed grandma during a severe thunder-storm. Not long after Willie slipped out of the room, and when the shower was over he came back looking woeful enough. To mamma's inquiry, "What is the matter, dear?" he replied, "'Cause they all ran away before I got out, and all I could find was a wee little angle-worm."



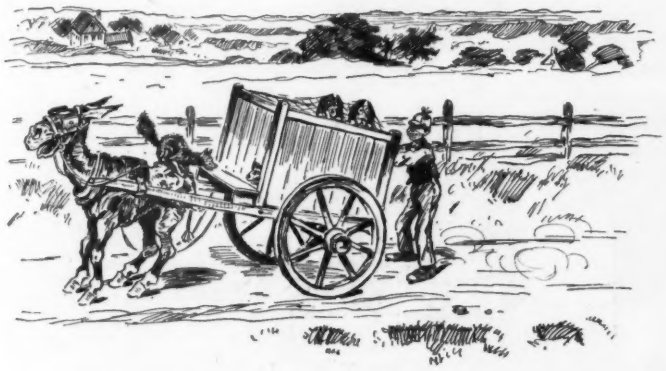
1. THE OLDEST HOUND—"That fox is our meat, sure. He can't run much further. Funny he keeps to the road, though.——



2. ——There he goes, jumping into that corn-cart. Now we've got him, sure. What a fool he is for a fox!——



3. ——Now, then, he *is* in a trap."



4. THE TRAINED FOX—"Oh, I don't know. You won't be the only dogs in the pound."

5. THE DOG-CATCHER—"You have done very well to-day, Reynard, and shall have a nice leg of broiled chicken for your supper."

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY; OR, BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT BEFORE YOU GO AHEAD.

MIGHT BE A NEGATIVE SUCCESS.

FRIEND—"And what are you engaged on now, professor?"

FLYING-MACHINE INVENTOR (*mysteriously*)—"'Sh! I am now trying to invent a 'falling-machine.' My ideas always seem to turn out *exactly wrong*, you know."

SHOULD SHE EXPECT THEM?

"YOU never bring me lovely flowers and candies as you used to when we were engaged," pouted Mrs. McBride.

"No, dear," replied her husband. "I didn't buy fifteen-dollar bonnets and fifty-dollar dresses for you then, though."

COULDN'T CALL IT HERESY.

First parishioner—"The minister accused of scorching! How is that? He doesn't ride a wheel."

Second parishioner—"I know it; but some mean member of the congregation accused him of preaching more than eight miles an hour."

A SINECURE.

WEARY WILLIE—"De milk-inspectors hev hired ol' Slobsy Slocum ter test milk."

SUNSET SIMS—"Is it hard work?"

WEARY WILLIE—"Not very. Slobsy simply drinks a little out uv each can, an' if dere's enny water in it it puts him right inter convulsions."

HIS LEFT-OVER PROPERTIES.

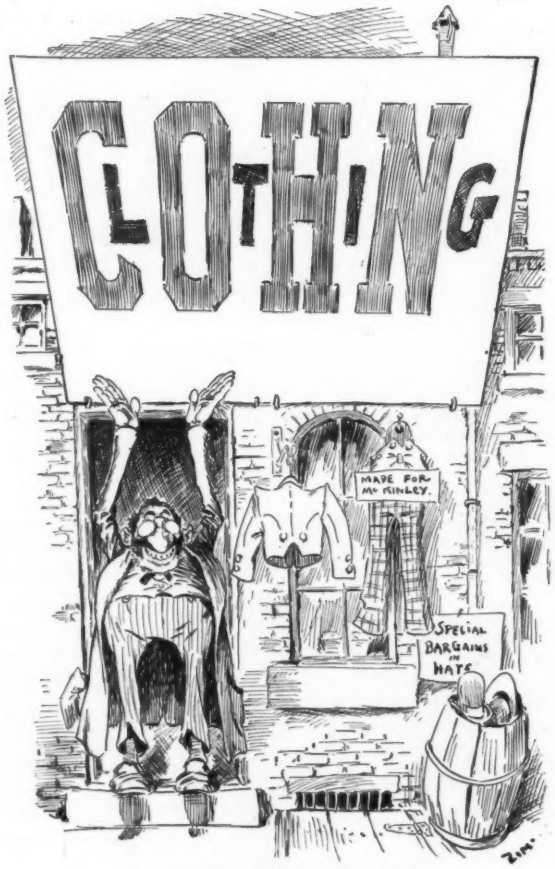
"GOODNESS alive, children!" exclaimed the populist orator's wife, who had been drawn to the garret lumber-room by an uproar from her offsprings; "what is the mat—— Mary Ellen, stop playing with your pa's old cross of gold. You'll scrape the gilt paint all off from it, and—— Gracious me! what is the matter with little Peffer?"

"Oh, he's sat down on pa's crown of thorns," replied Simpson, the five-year-old, "and stuck the stickers in him."

AND SHE JUMPED AT THE CHANCE.

MISS YOUNGLY—"So you've only known him a month? Don't you think you're taking a great many chances in marrying him?"

MISS OLDWAITE (*candidly*)—"Dear me, no. It's the only chance I've had in ten years."



ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

The stingiest Hebrew in the trade
Is Clothier Isaac Cohn;
For when he had his store-sign made
He killed two birds with one stone.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER

LOVE is the heart in blossom.

The man in love with himself need fear no woman as a rival.

If genius could write legibly it would not always be misunderstood.

Many a woman thinks her ideal is broken when it is only sprained.

Philosophers laugh at woman's fickleness, but her constancy, when once awakened, endures beyond life and death, and even beyond betrayal. MYRTLE REED.

IN THE SUBURBS.

(*Say in Weehawken.*)

VERY REVEREND (*at table, who is fixing up his Sunday sermon*)—"Well, my good men, what do you want?"

BUTCH CASEY (*spokesman*)—"Yer see, boss, we knows you're a man o' good standin', an' also a man o' good judgin', so we've cum ter hav yer referee a 'mix-up' 'tween dis bull-pup an' Teddy the Mush, in which 'The Mush' calk'lates ter put de dog out o' biz'ness in ten minnits. We *know* we kin trust yer ter do de square t'ing by bote parties!"

EMINENTLY CORRECT.

AT ONE of the large eastern colleges for women some five or six of the students were gathered around the congenial tea-kettle. One of them, a handsome brunette, was fastening a few sprays of that pretty flower called "Dutchman's breeches" among her dark curls. A pink-and-white blonde with demure blue eyes, who was expecting to receive her degree in a few weeks, spoke to the girl on her right.

"Spring is really here, Kitty," she said. "Just see the Dutchman's trousers Emma is putting in her hair."

Quizzer—"Has Jones a happy home-life?"

Guyer—"Yes; he's away most of the time."

VANDYKE. KLONDIKE.

HIS WHISKERS—BEFORE AND AFTER GOING.

READY AT ALL TIMES.

"AREN'T you taking Mr. Harvard at a disadvantage by asking him to stay to dinner in his business clothes?"

"No, auntie. Jack is one of the most extemporaneous diners I ever knew."

GENEROUS.

Jones—"Hullo, Bones! on your way home? Going to take the cable up?"

Bones—"Yes; but I'll put it down again—the company might need it, you know."

A CLERICAL OUTBREAK.

PARSON JOHNSON (*indignantly*)—"Salvation 's free! I sees on'y two pussons at chu'ch dis mawnin', an' one ob dem 's asleep. Salvation 's free! Ef salvation on'y had a price on it, so's I could mark it down a few cents 'casionally on bargain Sundays, fings would be diff'rent; but I sees on'y two pussons present dis mawnin', an' one ob dem 's asleep. Salvation 's free!"

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WILL IT ALW

He will no sooner get the rock to the top of the hill

IT ALWAYS BE SO?

of the hill the men stationed there will roll it down again.

INEVITABLE.

YOU quarrel with an actress
Do not drain of sorrow's cup;
For to earn her bread and butter
She must very soon make up.

WHAT HE WOULD BE.

Mother (holding a stick over her four-year-old son) —" Now, Sammy, what will you be if I don't whip you?" (Expecting the answer "A good boy.")

Sammy (sobbing) — " A Mef'diss minister."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

FARMER CORNFED — If I give you a meal will you help me a little with my milking?"
SUNSET SIMS (*cautiously*)—" Dat depends on w'ot kind of a pump you use."

PUZZLED.

I GUESS I don't quite understand,
For when I fell and cut my hand,
And everybody was so kind,
The grown-up folks said " Never mind."

But when they said " Go out and play,
But do not ever run away,"
I never minded. Wish I had.
They've punished me for being bad.

JUDITH SPENCER.

POURING OIL ON THE FIRE.

YOUNG MOTHER —" What makes the baby cry so, nurse?"
GREEN NURSE —" Oi t'ink he has colic, mum."
YOUNG MOTHER —"An' can't you do anything for him?"
GREEN NURSE —" Shure, mum, Oi've pit a mushtard plashter on his stummick, but it seems to give him no relafe at all, at all."

EXPLAINED.

FIRST NEW-YORKER —" I met a man this morning who said he preferred Philadelphia to New York."
SECOND NEW-YORKER — " Great Scott! I can't conceive of any one having such a preference. What sort of a being was he?"
FIRST NEW-YORKER —"A Philadelphian."

"INFANTRY BLUE."

COLONEL R——, the well-known army officer, stationed near New York, being in need of some " infantry-blue " ribbon, from which to suspend one of his decorations, asked his wife to purchase some.

On her next shopping expedition Mrs. R—— asked the pretty young woman who presides over the counter of one of our largest stores for it.

" Infantry blue," said the young woman thoughtfully —" oh, yes, we have it. It's at the other end of the counter. Forward, show the lady some baby-blue ribbon."

A SERIOUS OBJECTION.

SPIRIT-MEDIUM (*to skeptic*) — " Now that you have conversed with the spirit of your departed brother, are you not convinced? Have you any more objections to offer?"
SKEPTIC —" None except the fact that my brothers are all living."

It is a funny thing, but in looking back over the long, long years the jokes that we once thought comic now appear to us sad, and the sorrows which nearly broke our youthful hearts now make us chuckle.—*Washington Capital.*

Fools coast hills that angels fear to tread — You can't always judge a man's speed by the make of his wheel.—Scorch and the world will scorch with you; mope and you'll fall behind. —*Philadelphia Call.*

A bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases every one.

Searcher for board—"I hope, madam, you don't object to children?" *Boarding-house mistress*—"Oh, not in the least. I have nine myself." *Weary searcher* (backing off)—"Um —er—if I decide to take the rooms I will send you a postal. Good-day."—*New York Weekly.*

"Doesn't your wife annoy you by asking questions at the base-ball game?" "Never; she is one of these women who always like to let on that they know all about everything."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A willing horse is often overworked. So is the stomach. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters give the much-needed lift. All grocers, druggists.

Every woman knows just enough about statistics to prove to her husband that it is cheaper to board than to keep house.—The women do not believe that any woman's grief is sincere so long as the woman with a sorrow continues to frizz her hair.—The cheaper some men are the more prominent the position they try to secure in an audience addressed by a great man.—Many a man who has a pie appetite lacks a pie stomach.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

SHAMPOOING

is made delightfully refreshing, and a real luxury, by the use of

Packer's Tar Soap.

Its known purity, excellent cleansing, invigorating and antiseptic properties have secured for this soap the highest commendation of physicians and hair-dressers for cleansing and preserving the hair, and for use in treatment of dandruff and baldness.

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

THE CAMP FIRE.

(If the "Vampire" kicks, Kipling can sue if
he feels like it.)
A man there was and he wrote a pome
(Even as you and I!)
Of a drab and a jab and a Hindoo dome
(It scared the critic away from home),
For he painted his landscapes all in chrome.
(Not as you and I!)

Oh, the words he used and the oaths he used,
And the jungle junk he jawed!
The public never had heard it before
(But they thought it was great and they howled
for more),
And every one haw-hawed.

A man there was and he wrote and wrote
(Even as you and I!)
He got as perk as a yearling shoat
(For rule and school he cared nary a groat)
And every one studied his line to quote.
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the lovely plots we planned!
And the stuff that delighted his publisher's eye
(Now we know that they never knew why)
That they did not understand.

The man was sent by a pape to Greece
(It wasn't you or I!)
At a dozen thou per month, if you please
(Just to keep his inky pyjams in crease),
And he sat in Crete to write his piece.
(Not as you or I!)

But it ain't the work and it ain't the shirk
That stings like the prickly heat.
It's thinking of him and Steevie Crane
(Oh, the crimson crash and the blood-red rain!)
If they should ever meet!
—*New York Press.*

Glass is now blown by machinery, and there is hope that in time political speeches may be made in that way.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Croker says his "health will not permit him to consider the mayoralty of New York." New York's health won't permit him to do so either.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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We desire to put England on her guard. Suppose the New York *Journal* takes a notion to send a reporter over to liberate Mrs. Maybrick?—*Rochester Herald.*

there's something good.

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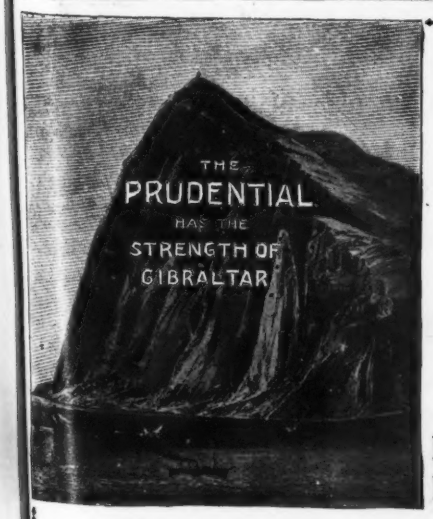

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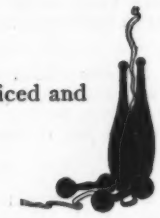

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—*Cripple Creek Guide.*

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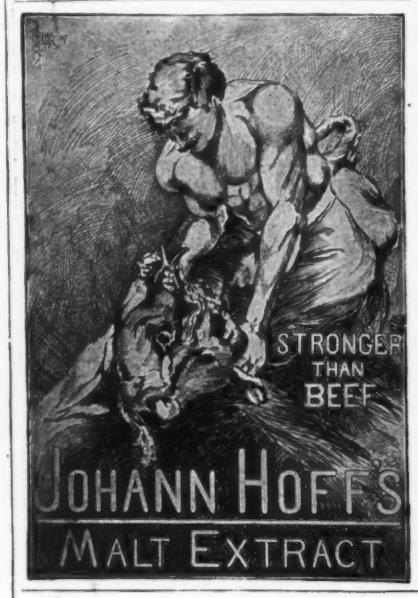

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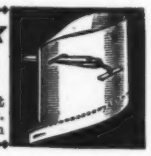

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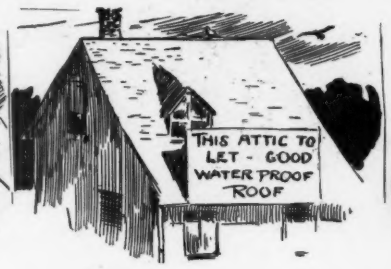

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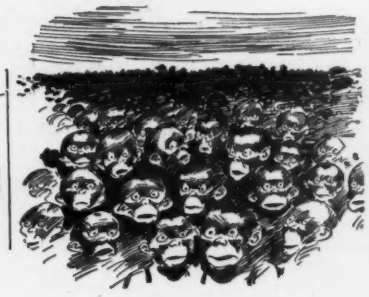

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Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (**holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 839**), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; **then mail all four sheets, pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,** to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLE DEPT., 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 839. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture is allowed on any one sheet. It is not necessary to send a second set of solutions to the whole forty puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions. The date of *mailing* your answers and not that of our *receiving* them is considered in governing the question of priority. The post-office mailing or dating-stamp on the envelope determining this point.

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Judge

Hundreds of bike-accidents happen daily, and yet they call them safeties.

"Do yer want der 'nitroglyc,' Bill?"
"No, a jimmy; dis is only a safety-lock."

It's always one of those safety-lamps that will explode; and you barely have time to escape from fire with your life.

Mrs. O'Brien, the cook, used Jones's safety-oil only once, and she speaks most highly of it as going farther with her than any other.

ROOM-MATE—"Here it is, confound you! Take it; I'll make you a present of it."
DITTO—"What?"
ROOM-MATE—"This safety razor you advised me to buy yesterday."

Another one of our safety misnomers.

MRS. MAMMA—"I'm sorry I called you, doctor."
PHYSICIAN—"Then Willie didn't swallow a pin after all?"
MRS. MAMMA—"Oh, yes; but I found out from him that it was a safety-pin he swallowed."

The man who wore one of those safety toe-clips at the bike race and couldn't extricate his toe from the pedal in time.

Jones afterwards explained to his wife that it wasn't the accident that made him use strong language; it was the name of the folding-bed that exasperated him.

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